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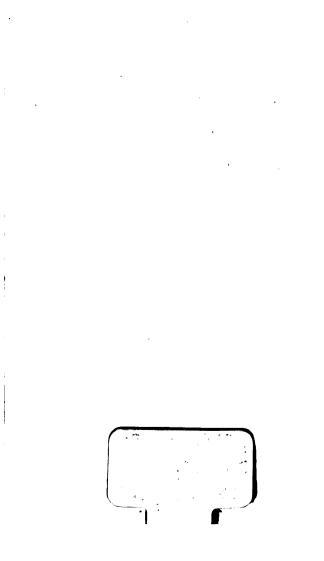
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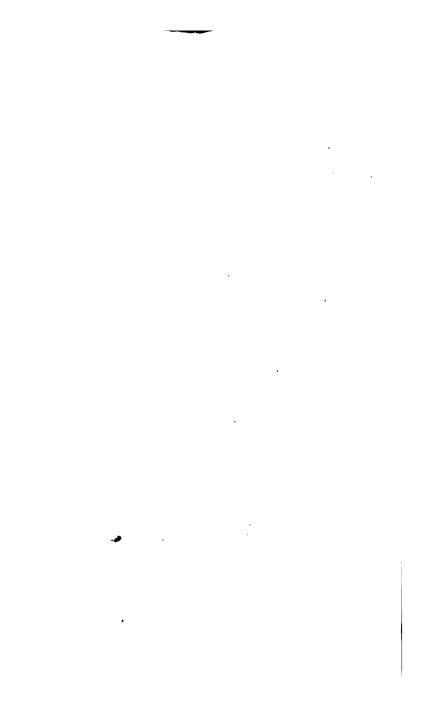
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GUIDE

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THE

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NOTE.

By the Circular Tour (the particulars of which may be seen in the Caledonian Railway Time Tables), it is quite practicable for all having only a limited time at disposal to leave Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, &c., in the morning, visit the Falls of Clyde, take coach thence to Crossford, have an ample opportunity of seeing the beauties around Craignethan Castle, and return to their starting point the same day.

The Castle of Inllietudlem.

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Over what is now known as Tullietudlem Castle Time has effected many changes. Even in its name the mutation has been considerable. It has been called the Castle of Craignithane or Craignethan; —Nauthane, Nathane, or Nethan; —Draffane, Draffane, Draphan, or Draffin; now as the Castle of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," it is popularly and widely known as Tullietudlem.

The Castle is invested with all the charms that impart intense and engrossing interest. History and Romance with their commingling lights and shadows have thrown over the vast and mouldering ruins a power of fascination all their own.

Added to these attractions the ruins are finely situated on the summit of a promontory overlooking the river Nethan, which flowing through a winding valley—deep and narrow—shows right below the Castle precipitous banks most beautifully wooded.

Magnificent is the prospect in looking from the ruins adown these steeps while summer sunshine is streaming through the green arcades tinging the leaves with the warm beauty of its light, and the silvery Nethan is seen pursuing its winding course with a gush of liquid melody that keeps time to the

"Soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs."

In reference to the scenery around the Castle, Chambers's "Picture of Scotland" says—"The steepbanks around Craignethan, with the windings of the stream round the bases, afford some scenery in which it is hard to say whether the sublime or the beautiful predominates."

The Castle may be approached from the Caledonian Railway Station of Tullietudlem or from the village of By the latter the attractions are many to the lover of varied scenery. At some parts of the glen through which the Nethan flows, precipitous crags of rugged sandstone tower to a height of hundreds of feet above the stream, while at other places the steeps are clothed with luxuriant foliage. A rustic bridge thrown across the water adds its charm to the way. and then a narrow path overhanging the river has to be taken so thickly studded with overarching boughs that here and there they threaten to intercept further progress. The serpentine windings of the valley combined with the sylvan character of the scenery, prevent (except at certain points) a glimpse of the Castle, and not till the openness of the more exalted ground is reached is the eye gratified by a sight of the far-famed Tuilietudlem.

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At a few miles distance from the Castle are situated many scenes and objects of interest: among which are the Falls of Clyde; the lofty and rugged Crags of Cartland with the new and old bridges, and in a crevice in a rock is situated what tradition affirms to be Wallace's Cave. Within a short distance is Hallbar—the Tower and Fortalice of Braidwood, with its massive walls, six feet in thickness.

Around the Castle are interesting and instructive spots to the geologist and palæontologist. The igneous and stratified rocks shown in the romantic glens give many sections of absorbing interest to the physical geologist, while the palæontologist can at various points procure fossil remains in abundance. part of the Silurian, the Old Red Sandstone, and the Carboniferous formations, the latter being well represented, and in numerous localities the various deposits The Silurian and Carboniferous of the Drift series. formations have yielded many rare genera and species, but the Old Red Sandstone, which extends over a considerable area, has as yet proved almost devoid of organic remains, in this respect resembling the Old Red of the Edinburgh district. In the Tilestones, or Mudstones of the Silurian, there have been discovered, by Dr Slimon and others, great quantities of most beautifully preserved Crustaceans, such as Pterugotus

bilobus, P. ranicips, Slimonia acuminata, and Ceratiocaris papilio.

After entering the gateway of the grand old ruins of the Castle so romantically situated, the spectator in the course of his survey discovers that

"Battlement and moated gate Are objects only for the hand Of hoary Time to decorate."

On the tops of the walls and the towers grow a thick coppice of rowan-tree, bourtree, hazel, ash, briars, hawthorns, and broom. Up the walls the ivy climbs, and twines around the windows, and clusters up around the loop-holes, and hangs down in wavy wreaths from the crumbling roofs of the Banqueting-Hall and that of other apartments.

"Everywhere the torn and mouldering Past Hangs with the ivy. For Time smit with honour Of what he slew, cast his own mantle over, That none should mock."

The Castle was probably a fortified strength from the date of the granting of the lands of Draffin to-Lambin Asa in the 12th century; but the oldest portion of the existing remains appear to belong to the middle of the 16th. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, who was appointed baron-bailie of Lesmahagow in 1532, received in 1538, a grant of the Castre de Nauthone (Castle of Nethan) and the lands thereof, as

well as those of Crossford. He appears to have entirely reconstructed the Castle, and the remains of the buildings there erected under his orders show his vast wealth and power, as well as his great reputation as an architect. Sir James was the principal architect of Scotland in his time. He was the natural son of the First Earl of Arran, by a lady of the name of Boyd, a daughter according to Lord Somerville, of Lord Boyd, or according to Crawford, of Boyd of Bon-While yet a young man, Sir shaw, in Renfrewshire. James received the barony of Finnart in Renfrewshire from his father. The charter was confirmed in 1507 under the Great Seal, and his legitimation was passed in 1512, under the Great Seal.

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With his sovereign, James V., Sir James became a great favourite. He was appointed Cupbearer to his Majesty, Steward of the Royal Household, and Superintendent of Royal Palaces and Castles. Under his direction the palaces of Falkland and Linlithgow were erected and the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling and Rothesay were rebuilt and embellished by his genius. The excellent taste of his sovereign in architecture, sculpture, and painting, enabled him to appreciate the merits of Sir James; and he rewarded him with several grants of land. Besides these he acquired many desirable estates, until in possessions he ranked with the first barons in the kingdom. Extremely few of the nobles appeared at Court with such a numerous or splendid retinue. n 2

In 1520 Sir James appeared at the head of 400 Merse men, in opposition to the Earl of Angus, at that time governor of the kingdom of Scotland. A quarrel existed between the governor and Ker of Phairniehurst, in reference to jurisdiction connected with the Jedburgh forest, which was claimed by Ker as seneschal or bailie of the monastery of Dryburgh. At the commencement of the conflict the Merse men deserted Hamilton, and five of his horsemen were slain and thirty taken prisoners. Forced to fly from the field, he was closely pursued by John Somerville of Cambusnethan (who was credited by some accounts with the fame both of the attack and pursuit), and after much difficulty Hamilton reached shelter within Home Castle.

In April, 1520, when Parliament had met for the purpose of deliberating on the menacing power which the Douglases exercised, Sir James took part in a street brawl, between the Arran and Angus parties; the object being to seize and control Angus who was dreaded by the Hamiltons. Arran's brother, Sir Patrick Hamilton, having rushed along with the Arran party upon the Earl of Angus, fell in the conflict. Sir Jas. and the Earl of Arran fought their way amidst the combatants, and made their retreat down a wynd on the north side of the High Street, Edinburgh. Observing a coal-horse standing, they pitched off his burden, mounted, and rode through a narrow place of the North Loch, and eluded pursuit. In reference to the

foregoing, Tytler says, that Hamilton of Finnart was a man marked for his ferocity. By upbraiding Sir Patrick Hamilton of cowardice, he prevented Gavin Douglas, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, from being successful as a peacemaker between the contending parties.

In a respite to several noblemen, dated 1st July, 1526, "for treasonable arraying of battle, insurrection and fielding, against John, Duke of Albany, and for other treasons, slaughters, &c., during the space of nineteen years," the name of Sir James Hamilton occurs.

On the 4th of September, 1526, a battle happened at Linlithgow, between the united followers of the Earls of Arran and Angus and the adherents of the Earl of Lennox, who was in such high favour with the King, that it was proposed to make him Regent and heir to the crown, in prejudice of the rights of the Hamilton family. During the fray the Earl of Lennox had been wounded and taken prisoner by John Hamilton of Bardowie, who was conveying him to a place of safety, when Sir James Hamilton cruelly slaughtered him.

The good understanding existing between the Douglas and Hamilton families was nearly interrupted by the following occurrence, which happened in 1527. A groom of the Earl of Lennox resolved to avenge his master's death. Going to Edinburgh, and meeting one of his fellow-servants, he eagerly demanded if he

had seen the bastard of Arran. "I have," was the reply, "and but a short time since." "What," said he, "and wert thou so ungrateful a recreant to thy murdered Lord as to permit him to live !-- begone! thou art unworthy of so noble a master." He then hastened his steps in the direction of Holyrood Palace. He arrived there while the Hamiltons and Douglases were mustering for a projected expedition to the bor-Watching his opportunity, he observed Sir dera. James crossing the court and ascend the stair of the palace, when darting upon him as he entered a dark gallery, he inflicted six severe wounds with his dagger. He then left his victim and mixed with the crowd; but an order being issued to close the palace gates and all within the courts to draw up against the walls, the assassin was discovered still grasping in his hand the bloody dagger. Having been taken into custody, he was put to the rack, with the view of forcing him to name his accomplices; but he had none. Previous. to execution the wretched man learned that Hamilton was likely to survive; so when his right hand was cut off, he said it deserved punishment-not for its crime, but for its failure.

In 1540 James V. visited Craignethan Castle to honour the marriage of Agnes Hamilton, his cupbearer's daughter, with James, Master of Somerville. Of this royal visit no formal record is extant, but doubtless a display of feudal splendour would be exhibited. To illustrate the customs of the olden time

the following description of an "infare" or entertainment to the bride of Hugh Somerville, on her arrival at her new home, at Couthally Castle, Carnwath, is from the "History of the House of Somerville":-- "The company went to supper, where the fare was beyond all that the young lady had seen, whole sheep and legges of cows being served up on timber platters, or rather in troughs of ane awell (oval) form, made out of the trunk of trees, black and firm in the timber as if they had been ebony or brizzel. . This was a vanitie and unthriftie custome they observed at their treates in these dayes; for it was in the great quantitie of these, and abundance of tame and wylde fowll, that they gloried most. The fashion of kickshaes and desertes was not much known, nor served upon great men's tables, before Queen Marie's reign."

To Sir James at length

"The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

Shortly after being the man whom the king delighted to honour by appearing at his daughter's marriage with all the pomp and splendour by which he was attended, and the Castle resounded with princely cheer, there followed Hamilton's disgrace, downfall, imprisonment, and death. As a nominee of the Church as commissioner for the trial of heretics, at the dawn of the Reformation, it cannot be doubted that he gave his sanction to the persecuting measures of the Romish clergy,

which ultimately led to his own downfall. A kinsman, James Hamilton, of Kincavel, Sheriff of Linlithgow, had a son who had been denounced as a heretic. father,—fearing his son would be visited with the fate of the proto-martyr, Patrick Hamilton, (the young man's uncle), who had been burned at the stake ten years previously,-sent a younger son with a private message to the king, who referred him to Kirkaldy the treasurer, Sir Thomas Erskine the secretary, and Sir Thomas Learmonth the master of the household, to whom young Hamilton accused Sir James Hamilton of Finnart of treason and embezzlement of the moneys he had received for the erection and repair of the royal Sir James was immediately arrested, and Having been found guilty, he was brought to trial. beheaded and quartered, and his lands and possessions confiscated to the crown. A few years afterwards the family estates were restored to his son, Sir James Hamilton of Evandale.

After the death of his favourite the king is represented by historians as having been filled with unavailing regrets which plunged him into gloomy and suspicious moods. His sleep is said to have been haunted by frightful dreams relative to the ill-fated Hamilton. His Court, which formerly had been the scene of festive mirth and generous hospitality, became transformed into the forsaken and solitary abode of a misanthrope—numbers of the nobility having retired to their castles, being filled with alarm at the sudden

destruction that had overtaken Hamilton. To banish Care, that "enemy to life," the king took to sporting. In the month of July the king visited Crawfordjohn on a hunting expedition. From Crawfordjohn he went to Craignethan, thence to Peebles, Edinburgh, and Stirling. All efforts to revive the spirits of the king were unavailing, and his health gradually declined. The following year he died leaving an infant daughter, who was afterwards known as Mary the Queen of Scots.

The Castle of Craignethan formed for long one of the chief strongholds of the Hamiltons. One of the most touching events in connection with the Castle is in affording an asylum to James, third Earl of Arran, in his pitiable misfortune. His career which opened with such brilliant aspirations came to a sad and untimely end. In his case the words of the great poet were exemplified—

"How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives,"

In 1575, he succeeded his father. He was in the Castle of St. Andrews when Cardinal Bethune or Beaton was assassinated in 1546, and was detained a prisoner by the conspirators. His father being presumptive heir to the Crown, the Estates of the kingdom, on the 14th of August, 1546, passed an act

declaring him to be secluded from the succession as long as he continued in the hands of those that committed the slaughter of the Cardinal, or any of the enemies of the realm. On the surrender of the conspirators to the French, he was released, and in 1555, he went to France, where he was given the command of the Scottish Guards. He became a convert to the Reformed doctrines, and a plot against his life was hatched by the prince of Lorraine, but from some expressions dropped by the Cardinal of Lorraine, his suspicions were aroused, and he hastily quitted France. He visited the Court of Queen Elizabeth on his way In 1560 the Scottish Estate proposed the Earl of Arran as a husband to Elizabeth, but with warm professions of regard she declined the alliance. year following, on the arrival of his own sovereign. Queen Mary from France, he openly aspired to her hand. To his proposals she showed favour, but by his imprudence, in opposing the exercise of her religion, he forfeited her regard. His love, inflamed by disappointment, gradually undermined his reason, and

"Black despair,

The shadow of a starless night, was thrown

Over the world in which he moved."

In his melancholy state of mind he lived secluded within the walls of Craignethan Castle, under the care of some faithful and attached servants of the family. When his brothers, Lord John and Lord Claud Hamilton were attainted in 1579, the Earl, though incapable, from his insanity, of committing any crime was involved by a wanton abuse of law in the common ruin of his house. A party being sent to demand the surrender of Craignethan Castle, his servants, after making what defence they could, were forced to yield, and the Castle was taken. The Earl and his aged mother, the Duchess of Chatelherault, were sent to Linlithgow, and placed under the charge of Captain Lambie, a fierce and brutal soldier, the same who insulted Queen Mary on her surrender at Carberry Hill. He was a creature of Morton's and a great enemy of the House of Hamilton.

By an act of restitution, the estates belonging to the Hamilton family, with the Castle of Craignethan, were restored to them in 1585, and Lord John Hamilton ever afterwards possessed a large share of royal confidence. In 1599 he was created Marquis of Hamilton.

In 1661 the Castle of Craignethan was sold by Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, with a portion of the lands of Draffen, to Mr Andrew Hay, who, according to Hamilton of Wishaw, "built with the ruins of the castle a suitable dwelling-house in the corner of the garden." He was a cadet of the house of Iweeddale, judging as his arms the chained deer appearing above the entrance to the house. This dwelling bears the date of 1665, and was used as a farm house for many years.

Shortly after the restoration of Charles the Second. (1660.) the name of Mr Hay is found amongst those who subscribed an address and supplication to the king at Edinburgh, in which Prelacy was denounced. and the covenant espoused and pled for with much All the subscribers to this document were ardour. seized and committed to Edinburgh Castle, with the exception of Mr Hay, who fortunately escaped. About thirteen years afterwards, his offences seem to have been forgotten or forgiven by the Government, as in 1678 he was appointed a Commissioner of Supply by Act of Parliament. In the year 1683 he was indicted with several others for "rebellion, reset of rebels, and other treasonable crimes," and imprisoned. While sick and in prison in 1685, the Council permitted him to be liberated. He had, however, to come under a bond not to leave Edinburgh; and under penalty of 10,000 merks to compear when called; and his former bonds, granted at Glasgow, were ordered to be given up. The Revolution of 1688 brought about a happy change. Next year Mr Hay was honoured by being appointed a Commissioner of Supply. When the militia were called out in Lanarkshire and other parts south of the Tay, in 1688, Mr Hay, younger of Craignethan, was appointed cornet of the Nether Ward troop.

By purchase, in 1730, the property of Craignethan was acquired from the family of Hay, by the Duke of Doubles. On the decease of the Duke it passed with

his other unentailed lands to the family of Douglas, whose representative, the Earl of Home, is now in possession.



Bescription of the Ruins.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."—Scott.

In surveying the ruins everything on which the eye rests speaks of the days of eld. The crumbling walls, the shattered roofs, the mouldering towers, the sad and blackened stones that have dropped from their places of honour and lie broken on the ground,—all speak of the corrosive hand of Time.

The enclosing walls have been of great height and of massive structure, and a gallery or platform appears to have run along the top of them. They form a parallelogram, and surround the Castle and courtyard. A high square tower defends each angle. The north-

east tower, which is considerably larger than the rest, seems to have been the strong post of reliance in time of siege. In the outer walls openings are to be seen, which appear to have been loopholes by which to annoy assailants. The remains of a wide ditch or dry moat is apparent within the enclosure, which would in all likelihood be spanned by a drawbridge. In the west curtain the arched gateway is worthy of some inspection.

THE BANQUETING HALL AND PRINCIPAL APARTMENTS.

On the ground floor of the Castle are the Banqueting Hall and principal apartments. They have been beautifully arched and command admiration. About fifty years ago one of these large apartments had a roof and was otherwise so commodious that an annual ball came off in it. What a contrast these merry-makers would be to the nobility and beauty that made gay the Castle in the days of its glory and its pride. But, doubtless, the mirth of this green earth would laugh and revel in the lowlier breasts with a stronger relish. Their style would be something like that expressed in Robert Fergusson's "Daft Days":—

"Fiddlers: your pins in temper fix,
And rozet weel your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum;
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix—
Gie's Tullochgorum.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel
As can a canty Highland reel;
It even vivifies the heel
To skip and dance:
Lifeless is he wha canna feel
Its influence."

QUEEN MARY'S ROOM.

Tradition has set its seal on one of the apartments as being the room that Queen Mary occupied after her escape from Loch Leven and previous to the battle of Langside. This apartment, which has been arched, is roofless, and fast sinking to ruin.

"O'er the floor and down the wall, Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall."

There is Beauty here amidst the decay; so that within its silent walls sadness is commingled with sweetness. The birds love it as a quiet place in which to build their nests and rear their brood. From every rent and crack in the walls wild flowers grow; and

"Where the wreck is saddest, Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere, With conscious mien of place, rise tall and still And bent with duty."

In regard to Queen Mary's visit to Craignethan there exists some difference of opinion. Some years ago, an

"anxious inquirer" asked a canny keeper of the Castle, "Where did Queen Mary reside when at Craignethan!" To this query he cautiously replied—" Weel, sir, she has ne'er been here in my time." Whether the keeper showed "more faith" in "honest doubt," like Tennyson's believers; or merely gave out a flash of motherwit, the reader is left to determine according to his own humour.

In reference to the Queen's visit, Mr Greenshields, author of "Annals of the Parish of Lesmahagow," says-" It has been a subject of much interest to obtain accurate information regarding the visit of Mary Queen of Scots to Craignethan Castle, after her flight from Loch Leven on the 2nd of May, 1568. She first took refuge at Niddrie Castle, the property of Lord Seton, in Linlithgowshire, and arrived at Hamilton on the 4th of May. The author of the ' House of Hamilton' says,-'On her Majesty's escape from Loch Leven, she proceeded to Hamilton, where she was most gladly welcomed, and whilst her friends and adherents were assembling from all quarters for her defence, she took up her residence in the Castle of Craignethan.' It is believed by well-informed persons, who have investigated this matter with local advantages. that Queen Mary remained for some time at Cadsow Castle, and from thence was removed by her adherents. the Hamiltons, to Drafane (i.e., Craignethan) Castle. as being a place of greater security. Regent Murray, in his proclamation, issued on the evening of May 3rd, 7

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states that she had 'repairit to the place of Hamilton;' while Sir William Drury, writing to Cecil on the 6th, informs him 'that since the despatch of his last letter, he could not hear of any more than that the Queen continued at Draffen among the Hamiltons, and all the defenders thereupon.' And yet, writing on the following day, he states that the Queen, the day after she came to Hamilton, where she now resteth, sent a gentleman to the Earl of Moray. (Keith's Hist., Edit. In the History of the House of Rowallane (App. p. 131) appears a letter from the Queen herself to Sir William Mure, dated 'Off Hamilton, 6th May, 1568,' commanding him, with all his forces, 'baith on fute and horse, to be here on yis next Sunday at fardest. Tytler speaks of her 'camp at Hamilton,' which was the rendezvous, and is not inconsistent with the fact of her Majesty's person being removed to some distance for greater security, until the 13th, when the ill-fated march to Langside took place. Nor is it surprising if her enemies were not correctly informed as to her Where the Palace of Hamilton now movements. stands, there was then only a square tower, called 'The Orchard' or the 'Place,' quite unsuited for the residence of royalty; and it may be confidently presumed, irrespective of evidence, that Craignethan Castle, both as a place of strength and on account of its greater distance from Glasgow, where the Regent was assembling his forces to oppose her, was a more fitting retreat than Cadzow Castle in the circumstances."

THE VAULTS OF THE CASTLE.

Under the ruins of the Castle a number of subterranean vaults are to be found. Dark and dismal places they are, which can only be seen by carrying To the right of the door of the into them a light. Banqueting Hall originally existed a circular stair which communicated with the range of vaults extending along the rear of the Castle. Of this staircase only a few stones remain. It is conjectured that a range of vaults exist between the main tower and the moat. and that to this series access was obtained through the vaults at the bottom of the winding stair which communicates with the vault under the main building. The vaults under eath the principal apartments are supposed to have been used as storehouses during a protracted siege. The vaults beneath the adjacent tower are believed to have been built for captives. Many a victim of suffering, despair, and death would these gloomy dungeons inclose. On entering these vaults for the first time a strange revulsion of feeling is experienced. Plunging at once from the cheerful, warm sunlight, pure air, and soft-smiling scenery into " the damp vault's dayless gloom," sends a momentary chill through the blood. In such a situation a keener appreciation is felt of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon":-

"My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare."

In these dismal dungeons Sterne's Picture of a Captive occurs to the memory; and Coleridge's Picture of a Dungeon in the Tragedy of Remorse move the lips:—

"Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!"

In 1570, Robert, third Lord Sempill, (called the great Lord Sempill,) was a prisoner at Craignethan for a few days. He was one of the secret council of the Regent, and after his murder he was taken prisoner by the Hamiltons while riding home from the army of the Earls of Lennox and Glencairn at Glasgow. He was removed from Craignethan to Argyle by Lord Boyd, and detained there for a year.

In the year 1592, James VI. put the Laird of Niddrie, two Hepburns, and several others to the horn.

Lord Hamilton found them asleep in a meadow near

Lesmahagow and confined them in Craignethan Castle.

Sir John Hamilton, (captain of the Castle, and son of Lord Hamilton), interceded for the lives of his prisoners, but was unsuccessful. His son, however, touched with sympathy towards the unfortunate captives, aided their escape, and fled for his own safety. The King, two days after this, summoned Lord Hamilton to Edinburgh. On approaching the place of meeting, the guard fired and one of the party was killed. It was the general belief that Lord Hamilton's death was intended.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

At the Castle may be seen a set of querns, or handmills, for grinding corn, consisting of two flat, circular stones, the upper having an opening pierced in the centre, into which the grain was dropped by one hand of the grinder, while the other made the upper stone revolve by means of a pin inserted in a hole near the margin. The quern is an article of great antiquity; and the use of it would be almost coeval with the existence of the human race. In every household there would be a quern. Then would the rude mother keep time with her efforts by singing the quern-song as she ground the meal for the evening repast. The people of Scotland were much attached to the use of the quern; and after the introduction of water-mills were averse to give them up. The Government of the day, who wished to encourage the water-mills, in 1284, during the reign of Alexander III., passed the following enactment:—"That na man sall presum to grind quheit, maislock, or rye, with hand-mylnes, except he be compelled be storm, or be lack of mylnes quhilk sould grind the samen, and in this case, gif a man grinds at hand mylnes he sall gif the threttein measure as multure, and gif anie man contraveins this our prohibition, he sall tine his hand mylnes perpetuallie." This law failed to effect the end contemplated, as in some remote districts of Scotland till recently, handmills were used on some occasions. It is probable that the querns preserved at the Castle would be those kept for use in times of great need by its inmates.

The windows of the Castle were protected by massive iron gratings. In the modern building adjoining the Castle is preserved one of the ancient gratings. It is a piece of tough workmanshship. The upright and the cross bars are inserted and welded together so as to give the utmost power of resistance to any one trying to tear them asunder.

Near the Castle there are three yew trees of venerable age, standing in a row, which never fail to attract attention.

Three keys found about the Castle are supposed from their apparent age and antique style of workmanship to have been keys of Craignethan. Two of these keys are preserved in the Braidwood Collection, and another is in the possession of Mr James Wilkie, Callander, who was a former tenant of the farm of Craignethan.

Bestruction of Craignethan.

For a series of treasonable acts done by the leading members of the Hamilton family the Castles of Craignethan and Hamilton were in part demolished by order of James VI. and Council in 1579.

The siege of these strongholds must have been considered a formidable undertaking, judging by the following document preserved in the Registers of the Privy Council of Scotland:—

"Stirling Castle, 11th May, 1579 .- Another order for proclamation against the Hamiltons.-Escaping hitherto, the two traitors hes stuffit the castellis and houssis of Hammiltoun and Draffen agens his Hienes and his autheritie, myndit to interteny oppiu wear and rebellioun aganis his Hienes, gif the samin be nocht spedilie repressit: It is therefore resolved that these twa houses shall be besieged till they are taken, and the Lords having appointit his Hienes ordinance and artailyerie to be cariit thither for that effect, now give order for the forces that are to guard that artailyerie, and generally for the conduct of the sieges, seing the burding thair of may not always ly upoun ane nowmer, it is appointit how his Hienes subjectis in severall pairtis of the realme sall serve quarterlie thair tyme about, qubill the recovery of the saidis twa houssis treasonabillie detenit aganis his Hienes autheritie as said is, that is to say, the inhabitants within the bound is of the sherefdomes of Tarbat, Ergile, Cowell, Dumbartane, Striviling, and Clakmannan, to entir the

last day of Maii instant; the inhabitantis within the bounds of the sherefdomes of Perth, Fyffe, and Kinross, and stewartreis of Streytherne and Menteith, to entir the tent day of Junii nixt to cum; the inhabitantis of the sherefdomes of Forfar and Kincardin to entir the tent day of Julii nixt to cum; the inhabitantis within the bound is of the sherefdomes of Wigtoun and Dumfreis, and stewartries of Kirkcuthbrycht and Annanderdaill, to entir the last day of Julii nixt to cum; the inhabitantis within the bound is of the sherefdomes of Abirdene and Bamff to entir the xx. day of August nixt to cum; the inhabitantis within the boundis of the sherefdomes of Elgin, Fores, Narne, and Innernes to entir the ix. day of September nixt to cum; the inhabitantis within the boundis of the sherefdomes of Lanark, Air, and Renfrew, and bailliereis of Kyle, Carrick, and Cunninghame to entir the first day of October nixt to cum; the inhabitantis within the bound is of the sherefdomes of Edinburgh principall. and within the constabularie of Hadingtoun, Linlythguow, Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peblis to entir the xxi. day of October nixt to cum; and thaireftir to proceid agane in the said ordour gif the occasioun of the service sall sa require, ilk quarter to remane for the space of twentie dayis. There is to be proclamation. accordingly, for the levy of all and sindrie his Hienes fiegis betuix lx. and xvi. yeiris, and utheris fensable personis, to take their turns of the duty. They are to arrive at Hammiltoun on the appointed dayis weill

bodin in feir of weir, with xx. dayis victuallis and provisioun eftir their cuming, and with palyeonis and cariage to ly on the fieldis, and they are to remain the said space of twenty dayis engaged in assaiging of the saidis houssis, as they may be required by the king or his licutenant, under the pane of tynsell of lyffis, landis, and guidis."

"It is understood to the Kingis Majestie and Lords of Secreit Counsale, that be Act of Parliament it is decernit and declairit that all alienationis, resignationis, dimissionis, and utheris dispositionis quhatsumevir. maid or to be maid be ony personn or personis convict. or that heirefter sal happin in onywayis to be convict or forfaltit, for art and part of the treasonabill murtheris and slauchteris of umquhile his Hienes dearest fader, or regentis, of quhatsumevir landis, heretagis, offices, benefices, rownes, or possessionis, sen the tymes respective of the committing thairof, ar and salbe null of thameselffis, and of nane availl, strenth, force, nor effect in all tyme cuming, with all that followit, or sall happin to follow thairupoun. Now, though the twa Hammiltouns are the chief culprits, and are at present fugitive rebels; nevirtheles sindrie personis that hes purchest and obtenit alienationis, resignationis, and utheris dispositionis, fra the saidis Johnne and Claude Hammiltonis off landis, heretagis, offices, benefices, rowmes, and possessionis, seikes be ordour of law to have intromission and possessioun upoun the saidis pretendit alienationis, dimissionis, and utheris dispositionis, being in the selff null and of nane availl, the saidis Johnne and Claude being outher streddy convict or forfaltit for the saidis murtheris, at leist knawin culpable thairof. Accordingly, it is now ordered, that all actionis following and foundit upoun quhatsumevir alienationis, resignationis, dimissionis or utheris dispositionis made be the saidis Johnne and Claude Hammiltonis, manifestlie suspect and fugitive for the saidis murtheris, sall ceis, stay, and remane sequestrat and in suspence in the present estait, quhill the saidis Johnne and Claude Hammiltonis be tryit culpable or innocent of the saidis murtheris. All judges are to take note to that effect."

Sir Malter Scott's Disit to the Castle.

In the autumn of 1799, Sir Walter Scott, while at Bothwell Castle the guest of Archibald, Lord Douglas, and his wife, Lady Frances Scott, visited Craignethan Castle. The incident is related in the ninth chapter of the life of the great novelist, written by his son-inlaw, John Gibson Lockhart:—"One morning during this visit was spent on an excursion to the ruins of Craignethan Castle, the seat in former days of the great Evandale branch of the house of Hamilton, but now the property of Lord Douglas, and the poet expressed such rapture with the scenery, that his hosts urged him to accept for his lifetime the use of a small habitable house, enclosed within the circuit of the ancient walls. This offer was not at once declined, but

circumstances occurred before the end of the year, which rendered it impossible for him to establish his summer residence in Lanarkshire. The Castle of Craignethan is the original of his Tillietudlem." The "small habitable house" referred to in the foregoing was that built by Mr Andrew Hay soon after coming into possession of the Castle and lands, and bears the date 1665. It is at present occupied by the respected Keeper of the Castle.

The same subject is again adverted to by his biographer in a subsequent part of his work when stating the following conversation with his father-in-law at Naples in April, 1832 :- "In one of our drives the subject of Sir Walter's perhaps most popular romance, in which Lady Margaret Bellenden defends the Castle of Tillietudlem, was mentioned as having been translated into Italian under the title of 'The Scottish Puritan,' of which he highly approved. I told him how strange the names of the places and the personages appeared in their Italian garb, and remarked that the castle was so well described that I had always imagined he must have had some real fortress in view. He said it was very true; for the castle he had visited. and fallen so much in love with it that he wanted to live there. He added a joke in regard to his having taken his hat off when he visited this favourite spot, remarking, that as the castle had been uncovered for many centuries, he himself might be uncovered for an hour."

Willietudlem.

The following is the description of Tillietudlem in the eleventh chapter of "Old Mortality":--"The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow trees and copses, the inclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in coloura clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have in most places planted

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orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden. Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland."

The Alarm at Tillietudlem.

The battle of Drumclog had been fought, where the Cameronian insurgents defeated Claverhouse and his Royalist troops, and the news of the defeat fills the Royalist owner of Tillietudlem with the fears of an impending siege. Chapter nineteen of "Old Mortality," powerfully pictures the scene:—

"Lady Margaret Bellenden was astonished at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls, was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their

own means of resistance to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

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- "'Woe's me! woe's me!' said she; 'what will all that we can do avail us, brother?—what will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairn Edith! for, God knows, I thinkna on my ain auld life.'
- "'Come, sister," said the Major, 'you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided: my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?'
- "'Ay, ay,' said Pike, composedly; 'a total scattering. I thought this morning little gude would come of their newfangled gate of slinging their carabines.'
- "'Whom did you see !—Who gave you the news !' asked the Major.
- "'O, mair than half-a-dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I'll warrant them, win the battle wha like.'
- "'Continue your preparations, Harrison,' said the alert veteran; 'get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meal you can gather. We must not lose an instant.—Had

not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there?'

- "'No, brother,' said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; 'since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned; sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it.'
- "'It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you,' said the Major, 'for the whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe.'
- "'So be it then,' said Lady Margaret.' 'And, dear brother, as the nearest blood-relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,'—(here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood)—'the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has not disdained'———
- "'Pshaw! sister,' interrupted the Major, 'we have no time to speak about the King and his breakfast just now."
 - "And hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all

the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

"The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls and very narrow windows—having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against anything but a train of heavy artillery.

"Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets These the Major, with the assistance of John Gudvill. caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees and other materials he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower along the high road, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the court-yard he barricadoed yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage.

"The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shricked—cattle bellowed—dogs howled—men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission—the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements—the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sound of female laments.

"Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the alumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear, that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of mistress. information when her raven messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the castle. Six voices speaking at once, informed her, in reply toher first inquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whigs were marching tobesiege the castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

- "'Where is Lady Margaret?' was Edith's second question.
- "'In her oratory,' was the reply,—a cell adjoining to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.
- "Where, then,' said Edith, much alarmed, 'is Major Belleuden?'
- "'On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon,' was the reply.
- "To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.
- "'In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?' exclaimed Edith.
- "'The matter, my love?' answered the Major, coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun—'The matter? Why—(raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill)—The matter? Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter.'
 - "'Gracious powers!' said Edith, whose eye at that

instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river; 'and yonder they come!'

- "'Yonder!—where?' said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. 'Stand to your guns, my lads!' was the first exclamation; 'we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh.—But stay, stay.—these are certainly the Life Guards."
- "'O no, uncle, no,' replied Edith; 'see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks. These cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning.'
- "'Ah! my dear girl,' answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life-Guards it is, for I see the red and blue, and the King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however.'
- "His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding-officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.'
- "'It is Claverhouse, sure enough,' said the Major;
 'I am glad he has escaped; but he has lost his famous
 black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill;
 order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers'
 horses;—and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him.
 I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

The Laird of Langcale's Summons to the Castle.

"The van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force appeared very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind, or uncertainty as to their next movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the Castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"'I'll flee the falcon," (so the small cannon was called)—'I'll flee the falcon whene'er your honour gies

command; my certie she'll ruffle their feathers for them!"

- "The Major looked at Lord Evandale.
- "'Stay a moment,' said the young nobleman; 'they send us a flag of truce.'
- "In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.
- "The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a comtemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trode. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.
- "'Did you ever,' said he to Major Bellenden, 'see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it

moves upon springs-Can it speak, think you?'

"'O ay,' said the Major; 'that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right pharisaical leaven.—Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the but-end of a sermon, instead of a parley on the trumpet.'

"The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture; only that, instead of a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale—for it was no less a personage—uplifted with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

"'Ye gates, lift up your heads! ye doors,

Doors that do last for aye,

Be lifted up '----

- "' I told you so,' said the Major to Evandale,—and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.
- "'I come,' replied the ambassador in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences—'I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood.'

'And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale?' answered the Major.

- "'Are you the parties?' said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.
 - "'Even so, for fault of better,' said the Major.
- "'Then there is the public summons,' said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand. . . .
- "The summons ran thus: 'We the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and licence to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause!'
- "This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders. .
- "'Well,' said Lord Evandale, '1 will be the lastto recommend surrender; but if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies, at least, out of the Castle.'
- "'They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite,' answered the Major indignantly;—'I would renounce

them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador.—My friend,' he said, turning to Langcale, 'tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Graham.'

- "With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main body, than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised in front of their ranks an ample red flag, the borders of which As the signal of war and were edged with blue. defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time. a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained Their leaders instantly withdrew them to some loss. the shelter of the brow of the hill.
- "'I think,' said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in re-charging his guns, 'they have fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them—It's no for nought that the hawk whistles.'

"But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A gene-

ral discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden rendered this success unavailing; for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat: but not until they had with their axes destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to re-occupy it.

"The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay), under the command of Henry Mortou, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the se cond barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

"He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the red-coats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from erag to erag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of

that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharpshooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

"'Kill! kill! down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter!—The Castle is ours!' were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, out down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

"Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the court-yard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, eucouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded

with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butts of the carabines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants.

Cuddie Beadrigg's Courageous Attempt.

"In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

"Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four which had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger either for its

own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however. on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,-- 'There's a place I ken weel; many a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' the winnock, forby creeping in whiles mysell to get some daffin at e'en after the pleugh was loosed.'

"'And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?'
said the other, who was a smart enterprising young
fellow.

"'There's no muckle to hinder us, an that were a',' answered Cuddie; 'but what were we to doneist?'

"' We'll take the Castle,' cried the other; 'here are

five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate.'

- "'Come awa wi' you, then,' said Cuddie; 'but mind, deil a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or, aboon a', on Jenny Dennison, or onybody but the sodgers—cut or quarter amang them as ye like, I carena.'
- "' Ay, ay,' said the other; 'let us once in, and we will make our ain terms with them a'.'

"Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stancheons of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry—a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step.

Enddie's Balour checked by a Pot of Scalding Kail Brose.

"While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and

stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaming, "Murder! murder! -we are a' harried and ravished !-- the Castle's taen !-- tak it amang ye!' she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and

surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

"As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes. which the lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested; for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

"There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day."

Sir Walter's story of "Old Mortality" proceeds in depicting the siege of the Castle, when provisions fail, and mutiny breaks out among the soldiers, at which crisis Major Bellenden and the ladies, along with some of the faithful domestics, escape from the Castle, and the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant wave over the Keep of Tillietudlem. In course of time Lady Margaret Bellenden again becomes possessor of the Castle.

A Mairy Ballad of Craignethan.

The following Ballad, "Lady Mary o' Craignethan," is taken from Maidment's "Topographical Collection," Vol. 4, to be found in Mitchell's Library, Glasgow. It has been cut from a Magazine which bears the date June 1819. By an omission the name of the Magazine does not appear. The Ballad, along with the prose introduction, as well as the notes appended, as given in the Magazine, are reproduced here; and a few additional remarks, where deemed necessary, will be found enclosed within brackets.

"Tady Mary o' Craignethan.

"The magnificent ruins of the ancient Castle of Craignethan are situated in the parish of Lesmahagow, on the west bank of the Nethan, near its confluence with the river Clyde. Tradition relates that it was built by one of the early forefathers of the present family of Hamilton, but the strength of the fortifications having awakened the suspicions of the Scottish king, the builder was apprehended, and according to the summary proceedings of ancient times, immediately executed, upon suspicion of meditated rebellion. The site is naturally very strong, and before the invention of artillery, the bulwarks must have been almost inpregnable. A high and solid wall of hewn stone, great

part of which is still standing, flanked with massy towers, and perforated with loop-holes pointing in all directions, surrounded the principal building, enclosing within its ample compass a court-yard, intersected with a deep moat faced on each side with hewn stone, over which was thrown a drawbridge, defended by two parallel vaults, which are still accessible, though deeply buried in the rubbish wherewith the most is filled. The buildings are much dilapidated, great part of the wall being entirely swept away, having been used as a quarry for the neighbouring farm houses. towers which remain are crowned with a thick coppice of rowan-tree, bourtree, hazel, ash, briers and hawthorn; and-what will tend to convey some idea of the extraordinary massiness of the structures-several bushes of sauch flourish in great luxuriance on the top of the walls, and are cut every third or fourth year by the coopers, as excellent hoops. A large vaulted hall is still shown, called the Queen's Room, wherein it is said the ill-used Mary lodged one night in her flight from the disastrous battle of Langside; and in a subterranean vault, there is a circular well, beautifully built of polished stone, which one tradition reports to have descended to a level with the bed of the Nethan. and communicating with that rivulet, to have supplied the garrison with water during a siege; while according to another, it formed the entrance of a tier of lower vaults, in which those wretches who incurred the displeasure of their feudal tyrant were hopelessly confined.

Be these accounts as they may, the well is now almost choked up, several of the large stones of its mouth have been thrown in, and every visitor to the castle takes the liberty of throwing down the well a blazing bunch of broom, or some other combustible substance, that he may see the depth and construction of this curious remnant of antiquity. Over the entrance to the principal building is seen a much effaced escutcheon, in which it is still possible to trace the armorial supporters of Hamilton; and the arms of the Hays, and of some other families which formerly had possession of this castle, are yet to be seen on various places of the walls. It were greatly to be wished that the venerable Lord Douglas, whose those ruins at present are, or his respectable son, imitating the laudable example of their relative of Buccleuch, would take some steps for the preservation of so striking a remain of baronial spleudour. The scenery around is exceedingly fine, and the place has long been visited by the lovers of the beautiful and romantic in landscape; but since the publication of the tale of Old Mortality, Craignethan has acquired a double interest, and a double claim to preservation, as being no other than the celebrated Tillietudlem.

"Fragments of the ballad which has occasioned these remarks are still to be found floating up and down Lesmahagow, and an attempt has been made to eke them together, and form them into something like a regular shape and connected story.

1

Lady Mary was the ae fairest May
That wonn't on bludie Clyde,
Her father dwelt in Craignethan towers,
Wi' lordly state and pride.
Licht was her step as the yauldest dae's
That skiffs the heather-bell,
An' the skime o' her een was the dewy sheen

O' the bonnie crystal well.

2

On Loganlaw pure is the snaw,
But no sae pure as she;
In the Cora-shaw the rose is braw,
But brawer couldna be.
Proud is the ern on the lanelie cairn,
Or wheelan' round the hill,
But prouder was she o' the gay menyie
That obey'd her father's will.

2

For her father was lord o' tower an' toun,
O' castle and o' cave,
Ower firth an' fell, ower wud an' well,
She saw his banner wave.
His hawks they flew ere the morning dew
Was lifted aff the green,
And a simmer's day had pass'd away
Or a' his lan' war seen.

4.

Thirteen maiden's bricht of blee,
Waited in Mary's bour,
An' threteen buirdlie beltit knichts
Held watch aroun' her tour,
An' the bugles blew, an' the banners flew,
When she cross'd the threswaldstane,
An' the knichts gaed afore, and the maidens ahin
Cam' troopan' ane be ane.

ĸ

Nineteen times on the craigs o' Blair
Had blum't the jaggie slae,
Sen a bonnie wee bairn on Beltan morn
Cam' todlan' down the brae;
An' he was tane to Craignethan's hall,
An' doudlit, on his knee,
May God thee fend, my bonnie wee man';
May Christ thee save and see.

6.

An' I sall be a father to thee,
Lady Margaret a mither,
An' thou sall ca' my Mary sister,
An' she sall ca' thee brither.
An' thou sall stan' at my richt han',
Whane'er I sit at dine,
An' thou sall fesh the gowden cup
Whan I drink o' the blude-reid wine.

7.

An' thou sall be my little fit page
To saddle my horse at dawn,
An' thou sall sleep in my ain chalmer,
In Holland sheets an' lawn.
When days had gane, an' years had come,
A strappan' lad he grew,
An' manheid's crap was brairdan fast
Aroun' his lauchan' mou'.

8.

He was the thirteenth o' Mary's knichts,
But the wichest amang them a';
Frae tower an' town, frae dale an' doun,
The bell he bure awa':
Stately his step as the stalwart steed's
Whan prancing ower the plain,
Licht was his heart as the simmer clowt
I' the sunshine after rain.

9

Mild was his smile as the rainbow's ray
Amids' a sunny shower,
But grim was his gloum as the feedan' storms
On Tinto's brow that lour.
In mirth an' glee an' jolitie,
Fair Mary rase at dawn,
Gae saddle to me the milk-white steed,
Was fund at Auchlochan,
An' fesh my bawks sae fleet o' flicht,
To hunt in the outwith lan'.

10.

The hawks flew east, an' the hawks flew west,
An' doun be Abbey-green,
An' whan gloaming came the hunters gaed hame,
But Mary was nae seen.
O whar left ye my fair Marie?
Whar is my dochter dear?
We tint her inno Nethan shaws,
An' thocht she had come here.

11.

Out then an' spak' the grey gosse hawk
As he sat on the bartizan,
For your dochter dear you neednae speer,
She 's aff wi' a fairy man.
We killed the muircock on Priorhill,
The blackcock on Nidberrie,
The yuckfit fell on Fauldhouse flow,
The pairtrick on Auldton lea.

12

And ay we flew, and the faster we flew In the glowin' e'e o' day, An' whan we wan till Auchlochan The menyie was far away. But Lady Mary's milk white steed Flew faster than the win', An' bonnie Willie's dappled grey Was ne'er se fit shin'.

13.

An' ay we flew, an' the faster we flew,
Doun Nethan's burnie glen,
Ower strype an' syke, ower bog and brae,
The dauran' riders sten',
Whill we reached the knows o' flowery Trows,
Whar in the scougan shaw,
Young Willie seiz'd her bridle reins
An' bure the maid awa'.

14

The milk white steed cav't up his head,
An' nicher't loud an' lang,
While frac the howms an' gowanie glens
Upraise the fairies' sang.
Come away Sir Waleofay,
Mak' haste an' come to me,
Swift as the flicht o' the streamers bricht,
That I your bride may see.

15.

O' the jellie-flour is built your bour,
An' paved wi' the primrose gay,
The wudbine scougs frac sun an' shower,
An' your bed is the violet blac.
The wine sac sweet will wash your feet,
Your han's will be wash'd wi' the milk,
An' the sheets prepared for the bridal bed
Are safter nor the silk.

16.

Then come away Sir Waleofay,
Mak' haste an' come to me,
Swift as the flicht o' the streamers bricht,
That I your bride may see.

70

Then ower the crags the eldritch staigs Lap wi' an awfu' spang,

An' frae our sicht the maid an' knicht Were tint the brume amang.

17.

"Gar saddle to me my dapple grey,
But an' my berrie-broun,
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That e'er bure lord or loun."
He's muntit himsel' on a coal-black steed,
Twa knichts on the broun an' grey,
An' swift as win' up Nethandale
To the Priorie they gae.

18.

An' whan he left Craignethan towers
The e'ening bell was ringan'.

An' whan he wan till Abbey-green
The vesper hymn was singan':

An' whan he reach'd the Priorie
He'd nowther chap nor ca'.

But took the door wi' his mailed-gluve, An' dang't into the wa'.

19.

"' Now God thee save thou halic auld Prior
May God thee save an' see,

By the precious blude was shed on rude Some comfort bring to me."

"Now is your castle burnt, Craignethan?
Or are your warriors fled?

Or the lily flower within your bower Lies wallowan' mang the dead?"

20

"My castle is nae burnt, Sir Prior,
My warriors winna flee;
But the lily flower was in my bower

But the lily flower was in my bower Is waur nor dead to me. I thocht she'd flourish roun' my stem, Whan I was auld an' bare, I thocht my name waud blume in her

Whan I was seen nae mair.

21

I hecht me days o' seel an' weal Whan I was auld an' grev. I hecht my line in her waud shine.

Whan I was tane away.

But weary fa' the fairy wicht That tane my bairn frae me :

I need nae wiss that he was dead. But may he never thee.

A malison braid on the fairy folk Lie heavy late and air. May mirth and glee frae their bosoms flee, An' ne'er again come there : But dule an' pine, baith sune an' syne,

For what they've dune to me :

In place o' the teind to the grougous fiend Gude grant him ane o' three.

23

An' may the first be the felloun-wicht That 's ruin'd me an' mine. In the gowstie caves 'mang the lowan waves Gude send that he may tine.

The emerant ring whar the fairy king Halds his court on the Blackhill side,

An' the gowden knows o' bonnie Trows Nae langer sall be their pride:

The cantie birds i' the bonnie buss Nae langer there sall sing, Nae mair the flowers an' birken bowers In Nethandale sall spring:

I 'll hew down the aik, the beech, an' ash, An' rive ilk bonnie green, From Cumberhead to bludie Clyde Sall buss nor flower be seen."

25.

Out then an' spak' the skeelie auld Prior,
While fast the tears can fa',
"Tis for your sins now Lord Craignethan
Your dochter is tane awa'.
You dautet her an' Him forgat
For you that deet on tree;
But rew an' a' will yet be weel,
Sae mat I never see.

26

An' dinna curse the Seelie Court,
Bid Him them save and sain,
Or the lily-flower in Craignethan bower
Will never blume again.
On Beltan-day, ere the morning grey
Blinks over Collilaw,

Tween twall an' ane, your livan lane, Ye'll seek the Stanebyres-shaw.

27.

When the howlet howls frae the eerie tour,
An' the tod at the murderer's grave,
Then blaw your horn, but sturt or sturn,
An' draw your trusty glaive;
At the thirden blast that ye sall gae,
Gin your bairn wants to be free,
A fleefu' fien' will rise at your feet
Wi' wauchie cheek an' wauland e'e:

28

But dinna ug at the sicht Craignethan, An' dinna start for fear, But fling your arms roun' the grim onbeast, It is your dochter dear. An' sain her thrice wi' the blessed sign That saves frae dule an' pain, An' name ower her the halie name, Sho Il be hersell again.

20

But gif ye tine your grip, Craignethan, Sho's lost for evermare,
An' ne'er again in peace an' saucht
Ye'll see your Mary fair!"
On Beltan day, or the morning grey,
Had blink't ower Collilaw,
His livan' lane the road he's tane
To the hauntet Stanebyres-shaw.

30.

Ower Leader's tap an' Dillarshill
The mune cuist her settan' licht,
But the dreary wud aneth him lay
Deep sunk in blackest nicht.
He 's tane himsell to the Lady's Tree,*
An' lean'd against the aik,
An' blawn three blasts sae loud an' shill,
Garr't a' the greenwud quake.

^{* &}quot;The Lady's Tree is a huge oak remarkable for its spreading top, growing in the Stonebyres wood. This magnificent oak is seen from the Turnpike road, which passes by the Falls of Clyde, like a verdant knoll, overtopping the rest of the forest. Tradition reports that thirty Englishmen met with a retaliatory death on its branches from the hands of Sir William Wallace." [Note for 1883.—Till within the last three years this stately tree grew on the lands of Stonebyres at Arthur's Crag, situated a little above the village of Hazelbank. It was widely known as "The Lady Tree." In former times it was the pretended resort of witches, Here they were said to congregate and hold their midnight orgies beneath its branches, and these poor demented creatures mentioned "The Lady Tree" in their horrid oath. When trenching the ground near the site of the tree for orchard purposes, a stone cist was found by Mr A. Gilchrist and party. The stone coffin lay east and west, and consisted of common ragstone of the district. The top of flag was nearly 2½ feet square, and the sides 18 inches in depth. It had no stone for bottom. Numerous pieces of human bones were got from this ancient grave. No trace of other remains was found.]

31

The fersten blast Craignethan blew. The trees cam' doupan' doup. An' a heavy sigh ran through the wud An' up the mountains broun : The neesten blast Craignethan gae The waters ceased their din. An'a waesome main an' eldritch gaffaw Cam' frae the Stanebyres lin;

32.

The thirden blast Craignethan blew Slaw rave the Lady's Tree. An' a laithsome fiend stude at his side Wi' wauchie cheek an' wauland e'e. He claucht her roun' the shackle-bane, An' sain't her wi' the rude, Syne an' ugsome ask in his han' sho kyth't Owerspread wi' lapper't blude.

He held her fast, an' ower again The halie sign he made : Syne a sneeran' snake sho twin'd roun' his arm, An' ower his bosom slade. Whan he the thirden time her sain't. A burnan' bale she grew ; He nam'd ower her the halie name. An' sho flichter't a milk-white dou. 34.

He nam'd ower her the halie name, In his han' was a lily rare; He nam'd ower her the halie name, In his han' was his Mary fair. Now God thee bless, my winsome bairn, A gude death may ye dee. May Christ thee save, my father dear, For what ye 've done to me,

As lang as licht an' life are left My benison on thee.

35

On Beltan morn was Mary won,
Wicht William on Beltan e'en,
An' greater wae at the fairy court
Afore was never seen.
An' Willie was an Earl's son
In the bonnie land o' Spain;
An' his stepmother was dour to him
Because he was nae her ain.

36.

She him betaucht to the fairies' aucht,
As in her lap he lay;
An' the fairies him sent to Craignethan ha'
To wize his dochter him frae.
In June they wad; and or Beltan cam' roun'
Craignethan lay in his grave;
For nane e'er curs'd the Seelie Court
And ever after thrave

NOTES.

"Stanza 1.—Bludie Clyde is a title always given to this river in the popular songs and ballads of Lanarkshire. Notwithstanding the populousness and riches of the county, there are but few bridges over the Clyde, especially in the Upper Ward of the shire, and the fords are equally scarce and exceedingly dangerous, so that the many instances of persons yearly perishing in its waters fully justify the revolting epithet which is attached to this magnificent river.

St. 2—"Loganlaw—a conspicuous round hill, oftener called the Nidberrie, standing in the muirlands of Lesmahagow near the confines of Ayrshire, at the source of a small stream called the Logan, which after losing itself in Nethan, falls into the Clyde. There is no coppice wood on its banks, but the extensive morasses with which the streamlet and Loganlaw are surrounded afforded shelter and safety to numerous parties of Covenanters during the disgraceful times of the Episcopalian persecution. In a sequestered cot, called Logan-house, remote from every other habitation. were the Covenants sworn, and at Skellyhill was David Steel, an inflexible Covenanter, treacherously shot at his own door. elder brother, John Steel of Waterhead, had to flee for his life, while his wife and infant family, driven from their home, and stripped of all their property, were compelled to take shelter in a turf sheeling, built for them by the kindness of their neighbours. in the moors. A deep gullet is still shown in a morass wherein the unhappy wife of John Steel was delivered of a child, from that occurrence since called Steel's Hag; and the miserable mother, though her husband was a considerable proprietor, had no other resource to cover her tender little ones at night than to put them into pillowslips, and bury them up to the neck in a heap of oaten chaff.

St. 5.—" Craigs o' Blair—a lofty range of rocks on the Nethan a little below Craignethan Castle.

St. 9, 13, &c.—"Auchlochan and Trows—are two beautiful spots on the Nethan. They were both, especially the latter, favourite haunts of the fairies.

St. 10 and 18.—" Abbeygreen—the kirk-town of Lesmahagow. situated in a beautiful dell, was formerly the site of a priory During one of the incursions of the founded by David in 1140. English the inhabitants fled to the priory as to a sanctuary, from the face of their merciless enemies; but the savage Lancaster, regardless of religion and regardless of life, burnt it to the ground The marks of the flames were still visible with all its inmates. upon the old steeple till 1803, when the old church, having become quite ruinous, it was pulled down, and a spacious fabric, having all the appearance of a huge cotton mill, was built in its place by the heritors. [Note for 1883.—The burning of the priory referred to above was in 1335. During the fierce struggle waged by Edward III., John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, and brother to the English monarch, leading a body of troops towards Perta by the western marches, lodged on his way at Lesmahagow, and set fire to the abbey.

- St. 11.—"Priorhill on the west side of the parish, was a hunting seat of the priory of Lesmahagow.
- St. 11.—"Fauldhouse lies on the south-east side of the parish and is remarkable for a large flow, or deep boggy morass, a favourite haunt of snipes.
 - St. 11.—"Auldton is equally a favourite haunt of patridges.
- "It may be proper to explain the following words which are not to be found in Jamieson:—
 - "To fesh, to fetch, conjugated fesh, fuish, fushen.
 - "Inno, in, a common word,
- "Yuckst, the snipe, so called from its cry; called also from the same circumstance, heatherleat.
- "To rive, to plough, spoken of ground which has either long lain in lea, or has never been ploughed before. The v. is conj. rive, rave, riven.
- "Wauchie—This word is applied only to the countenance, and denotes that the person has a sallow and greasy face."

The Halls of Clyde, Cartland Crags, &c.

The CLYDE is the chief river of Lanarkshire, and with its tributaries drains nearly the whole extent of the county. It is the only great British river flowing west except the Severn. The Clyde is formed by many rills and torrents in a region of mountains, which come together from many directions, and are rapid, wild, and noisy. Chief among these are the Daer and Powtrail, which rise at a height of about 2,000 feet, from which they descend very rapidly to their junction (900 feet above sea-level), having received many streams on their way, and the accumulated waters are joined by Clyde's Burn, from which the river takes its name. The progress of the Clyde, from the centre of the mountain district till the commencement of the open country, is very diversified, and presents many interesting features. From Elvanfoot to the confluence with the Douglas—a distance of 34 miles—the Clyde has a winding course, passing hills, wooded banks, heath, moss, and level holm. It sweeps past the ancient village of Crawford, with its picturesque church

and churchyard, receiving on the right the Midlock and Camps Water, and shortly after on the left Glen-Between Abington and Culter, it flows now beneath wooded banks, now among heathy uplands, and now through pleasant pastures and charming cornlands. After passing Abington it receives Duneaton on the left, and afterwards Lamington Burn and Culter on the right. Near Roberton, about half-way between Abington and Lamington the river passes from the silurians to the old red sandstone, and the country assumes a more cultivated and lowland aspect. river then makes a wide curve to the north-east round the base of Tinto, a trap-hill 2,335 feet in height, part of a considerable body of igneous rock that occurs here belonging to the old red sandstone series. winds for miles across the flat mossy valley that extends towards Biggar, and at this point it is separated by only a few miles and by land of very slight elevation, from the Tweed. In floods the waters of the two rivers sometimes meet on the almost level tract between, which is held to account for salmon and salmon-fry being occasionally found in the Clyde above the Falls. The two rivers henceforth widely diverge. Turning to the north-west, the Clyde flows for some miles in easy curves over the tract of calciferous sandstone, in the neighbourhood of Carnwath and Carstairs. Here it is joined by the Medwyn, and then bending to the south-west it re-enters the old red sandstone, and receiving the important accession of the Douglas Water.

it immediately resumes its north-westerly course, and with augmented volume over a rocky bed, and between high-wooded banks, it rushes along the deep picturesque gorge in which occur the famous "Falls of Clyde."

BONNINGTON LINN.

Bonnington Linn, the first of the "Falls of Clyde," is about two miles and a half south of Lanark, where the river takes a leap over a precipice of 30 feet; and has a projecting break in the middle, which splits the descending mass of waters, and gives double power to the scenic effect. This fall receives its name from Bonnington in the parish of Lanark. It is, perhaps. the least beautiful of the Falls, owing to the smaller height, and to the bareness of the southern bank above it; but when seen from the point at which it first appears to view, it exhibits many points that call The pastoral uplands contrasting forth admiration. with the waving woodlands form a very charming scene of loveliness.

Davidson in his "History of Lanark," published in 1828, says, "The traveller may stand secure and contemplate the Fall of Bonnington, in one broad sheet bursting over the impeding rock; then rolling on over ponderous masses of stone, at the bottom of perpendicular precipices, deep, dark, and frightful. These rocks are remarkably different from those of Cartland, as they contain fewer fissures and are laid in regular strata of solid block; in every crevice of which grows

a tree or shrub, impendent above the raging flood. "The waters of this Fall are precipitated in a perpendicular direction, over a rock thirty-two feet high, including the small space above, where the river bursts off at once from its wonted placidity. The depth of its descent, the brightness and volubility of its motion, and the hollow noise emitted from the basin swelling with incessant agitation from the weight of the dashing waters, combine to engage the attention, and to impress with sentiments of grandeur and elevation the mind of the astonished beholder. The clouds of vapour fly off from the fall with great velocity, until intercepted by the neighbouring banks, or dissolved in the atmosphere. Viewed from the bottom of the cliff, to which it is sometimes possible to descend, the waters, with every concomitant circumstance, produce an effect wonderfully grand."

From Bonnington Linn the appearance of the river is suddenly changed: its course is contracted, as it boils onward among rocks and precipices, for Corra Linn, a distance of about half a mile. Every jutting corner of the rocks is covered with trees, greatly enhancing the beauty of the prospect.

CORRA LINN.

Corra Linn (the most enchanting of all) has a descent of 84 feet, but is twice caught by ledges of rock, so that it makes three bounds. The noise of the dashing waters; the clouds of spray floating around,

often many-hued; the towering rocks and overhanging trees: all combine to form an effect to intoxicate the imagination.

From the fierce aspect of this river, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink.
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom you green-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

Corra Linn is about a mile below Bonnington, and takes its name from Corehouse, anciently Corroc.

Of this Fall Davidson says—"Over eighty-four feet of sloping and shelving rock, the stream is seen to escape from its confinement, struggling, but forcing its way, by three distinct leaps, over dismal masses that oppose its course, by which, as it reaches the bottom of the amphitheatre, it is dashed into spray, resembling drifted snow, which spreads around, and often bedews the spectator. From our present situation, the old Castle of Corehouse, in ruins, the modern mansion already seen from a distance, a corn-mill on the very brink of the precipice, the hollow murmur of

the waters, and the horrid abyss into which they are received, compose a scene at once tremendous and delightful. The vast basin is bounded by dark rocks, perpetually dripping with spray, and overhung with lofty trees of dense and beautiful foliage. There cannot be a scene more romantic than this; for every taste may be gratified."

Beyond the Linn the old Castle of Corra is seen crowning the rocks overhead, formerly the property of an ancient race named Bannatyne. That any one should have thought it necessary, for the sake of security, to live in such a situation, shaken by the dash of the cascade, and damped by its spray, presents a striking idea. of the peculiar circumstances of our forefathers. short distance below Corra Linn is the small cascade of Dundaff, a few feet in depth, near which is the rock known as "Wallace's Chair," assigned by tradition as one of the hiding places of that hero. The banks of the river now assume a more soft and sloping character; and this they maintain over the distance of three or four miles which intervenes to the last Fall; sometimes showing beautiful wooded patches and stretches of cultivated ground.

STONEBYRES LINN.

About a mile below Lanark, the Mouse enters from the right, and beyond is Stonebyres Linn, where the river in three leaps descends 80 feet. The scenery around this Linn is extremely imposing, and has many features of rare beauty. The woods west of the Linn are rich and very picturesque, as are those that surround the mansion of Stonebyres. This Fall receives its name from Stonebyres estate.

Davidson says—"Contrasted with the Falls of Corehouse and Bonnington, Stonebyres possesses more savage sublimity than either; but, in many respects, there is a striking resemblance between this and Bonnington.—Both are nearly of the same height; both precipitate their waters, much in the same way, by three distinct, though almost imperceptible leaps; and both, fan-like, widen, as the waters descend

'White as the snowy charger's tail'.

Here, nature reigns uncontrolled; the hand of art has done nothing for the accommodation of the visitor, as at Bonnington; and he is left to choose for himself, a The rocks seem dark and rugged, and, station. although in some parts fringed with coppice; yet they are destitute of that majestic grandeur, which could not fail to confer an additional glory upon the scene. The most advantageous prospect is to be obtained, a small way down the wood, where the bed of the river might be reached, without much difficulty. The gulf below, is known by the name of the 'salmon pool,' where, during the spawning season, thousands congregate. But, nature has formed an insuperable barrier to their progress, and engraved upon the gloomy rock, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther'.

Their efforts, however, are incessantly redoubled; but always unavailing: after leaping several feet out of the water, they uniformly fall back into the flood, and must often be severely bruised upon the subjacent rock. It is astonishing for what a length of time they renew their exertions; but baffled in every attempt, they are forced at length to withdraw, and deposit their spawn in the stream below."

THE FALLS A CENTURY AGO.

About a hundred years ago Pennant wrote as follows :- " Not very far from Lanerk are the celebrated Talls of the Clyde; the most distant are about a halfhour's ride, at a place called Corry Lin, and are seen to most advantage from a ruinous pavilion in a gentleman's garden, placed in a lofty situation. The cataract is full in view, seen over the tops of trees and bushes, precipitating itself in an amazing way from rock to rock, with short interruptions, forming a rude slope of furious foam. The sides are bounded by vast rocks, clothed on their tops with trees; on the summit and very verge of one is a ruined tower, and in front a wood, overtopped by a verdant hill. A path conducts the traveller down to the beginning of the Fall, into which projects a high rock—in floods, insulated by the waters—and from the top is a tremendous view of the furious stream. In the clifts of the savage retreat Wallace is said to have concealed himself, meditating revenge for his injured country.

"On regaining the top, the walk is formed near the verge of the rocks, which, on both sides, are perfectly mural and equidistant, except where they overhang: the river is pent up between them, at a distance far beneath, not running, but rather sliding along a stony bottom, sloping the whole way. The summits of the rock are wooded, the sides smooth and naked, the strata narrow and regular, forming a stupendous natural masonry. After a walk of about half a mile on the edge of this great stream, on a sudden appears the great and bold Fall of Boniton, in a foaming sheet, far projecting into a hollow, in which the water shows a violent agitation, and a far extending mist arises from the surface. Above that is a second great fall. two lesser succeed; beyond them the river winds, grows more tranquil, and is so for a considerable way, bounded on one side by wood-crowned banks, on the other by rich and swelling fields." "Again pass over the bridge of Lanerk, in order to visit the great Fall of Stone-biers, about a mile from the town; this has more of the horrible in it than either of the other two. and is seen with more difficulty. It consists of two precipitous cataracts, falling one above the other, into a vast caldron, bounded by lofty rocks, forming an amazing theatre to the view of those who take pains to descend to the bottom."

THE POETS AT THE FALLS.

Dr Bowring has commemorated his visit to the

O! I have seen the Falls of Clyde,
And never can forget them;
For Memory, in her hours of pride,
'Midst gems of thought will set them,
With every living thing allied:—
I will not now regret them!

And I have stood by Bonniton;
And watch'd the sparkling current
Come, like a smiling wood-nymph, on—
And then a mighty torrent!
With power to rend the cliffs anon;
Had they not been before rent.

And I have been in Balfour's cave;
But why hath chisel wrought it,
Since he the brutal—but the brave,
In sore constraining sought it?
Dark days! when savage fought with slave,—
Heroically fought it.

And I have hung o'er Burley's leap,
And watched the streams all blending,
As down that chasm so dark and steep,
The torrents were descending;
How awful is that chaos deep—
Those rocks so high impending!

And I have worshipped Corra Linn,
Clyde's most majestic daughter;
And those eternal rainbows seen,
That arch the foaming water;
And I have owned that lovely Queen
And cheerful fealty brought her.

And I have wandered in the glen,
Where Stonebyres rolls so proudly;
And watched, and mused, and watched again,
Where cliff, and chasm, and cloud lie,
Listening, while Nature's denizen
Talks to the woods so loudly.

Yes! I have seen the Falls of Clyde.

And never can forget them;

For Memory, in her hours of pride,

'Midst gems of thought will set them,

With life's most lovely scenes allied:—

I will not now regret them.

Wordsworth, whose simple heart was overflowing with a passionate love of Nature, came to the Falls of Clyde, and looked at them, and his appreciation is given in the following characteristic stanzas:—

Lord of the Vale! astounding flood!
The dullest leaf, in this thick wood,
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
You time-comented tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene,
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the patriot-warrior's shade,
Lord of the Vale! to heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night,
Sweeps visibly the Wallace wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft beneath the moon's pale beam,
A champion worthy of the stream,
You grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A form not doubtfully described:
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind regions flee
These shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn; But this we from the mountains learn.— And this the valleys show,

That never will they deign to hold

Communion where the heart is cold

To human weal and wee.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian pass,
Where stood sublime Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail

For such to glide with oar or sail

Beneath the piny wood,

Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,

His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake

Their thirst in tyrant's blood!

CARTLAND CRAGS.

The Mouse, (so called from its disappearing underground, like the Mole in Surrey) has a course of 14 miles. It has its source at Hendrey's Course, and passing Wilsontown where the first ironworks in Lanarkshire were erected, joins the Clyde a mile below Lanark. The upper part of its course is moorish and bleak, but on its lower way it flows between richly wooded banks, and before entering the Clyde, passes through the strikingly picturesque ravine "The Cartland Crags." The preciptous saudstone rocks which

form this narrow rugged chasm, rise on both sides of the river to a height of several hundred feet. The famed "Wallace's Cave" is placed high on the cliffs, at a short distance from the bridge across which lies the road from Glasgow to Lanark, and a little further down the stream is a very old bridge, supposed to have been built by the Romans.

Fullarton describes Cartland Crags as "a vast chasm in the sandstone rocks forming the bed of the Mouse; formed by the lower shoulder of a mountain, detached from the upper part, and extending more than three-quarters of a mile in a curved line, from south-west to north-east, with a depth of several hundred feet." The reverend statist of 1834 says of the Crags, that the "traveller who visits them in summer, when the passage by the river-bed is precipitous, who will submit to the toil of an occasional scramble over rocks, will enjoy the highest gratification. At every turn of the Mouse-water a new and varying scene of rocky grandeur, a rich and varied foliage, burst in on the view."

Davidson says—"After a little more climbing, by no means either arduous or dangerous, we find ourselves on the brink of a curious and romantic glen, four hundred feet, where, through a dreadful ravine, apparently formed by some awful convulsion of nature, the river winds and struggles on its rugged way. A reef of lofty precipitous rocks, bounds it on both sides, and the mural precipices are steep, broken, and tre-

mendously awful. But the asperity of the scene is much softened by vast groups of trees, which were never planted by the hand of man, concealing in many parts, the fissures, which serve as tunnels for conveying adventitious streams into the Mouse in time of The opposite side is indeed considerably lower; yet notwithstanding this apparent disparity, the stranger will observe, that wherever there is a projection on one side, a corresponding recess meets the eye on the other: and this is uniformly regular throughout the whole extent of the defile, which is not less than a quarter of a mile. . . So late as summer 1827, a considerable part of the rock on the Baronald side gave way, and disclosed to view a rich and beautiful bed of ponderous spar, which had nearly dammed up the bed of the river.

"From this spot the prospect is astonishingly grand. In the foreground the town of Lanark appears to great advantage from its elevated situation; whilst in the distance Tinto stands proudly prominent, having ranges of mountains behind towards the east, which in hazy weather gives to the whole the image of a tempestuous sea. The aspect of Tinto is of a yellowish tinge, which no doubt gave rise to the fabulous opinion among the ancient and illiterate peasantry, that it was the repository of mines of gold. . . . The distant hills of Crawfordjohn and Douglas, on the right, terminate the view in that direction, mingling their verdant tops with the clouds: the latter of which being

finely interspersed with woods in front, administer a high finish, and lend a charming effect to the landscape.

But, we move onward, until our attention is arrested by Castle Qua, remarking at every turn, the frightful declivities, and ever-varying prospect of the mighty chasm below, which must appal the stoutest beholder with deep amaze. This ancient Castle was situated on the very verge of a tremendous cliff, which, before the introduction of artillery, formed an impregnable bulwark in front; from which huge stones could have been hurled down, and crushed a thousand enemies: it seems to have been no less unassailable in rear; for vestiges of a broad circular ditch are still visible, which a long lapse of ages, and the rubbish which must have fallen from the decaying ruins, have not yet obliterated. Part of the building may still be seen under the green sod, without lime or mortar; but as the whole is now grown over with brushwood, which is shooting luxuriantly; a few more years must efface its locality, although tradition will hand it down from sire to son for ages yet to come. About the eighth part of an acre may be contained within the ditch; and part of the building measures about five feet above the level of its top. History is silent concerning this hallowed ruin; but, it was undoubtedly a place of retreat, to which Wallace often withdrew, and where he planned his mode of attack, to rescue the garrison at Lanark, from the hands of his hated enemies; and which an occurrence black as ever

stained the page of history, unexpectedly, but successfully enabled him to accomplish.

"There is still another object which merits description, before we go down into the bed of the stream. which the curious and antiquarian traveller will not omit to visit; --- we mean Craig-Lockhart Castle. ruins stands about half a mile northward, to which access may be had, either by following the course of the left bank of the Mouse, or along the old road to-Carluke, from which it is remarkably conspicuous. is impossible to conceive a more impregnable stronghold than this: nature has guarded it on three sides, with deep glens and almost unscaleable rocks; at the bottom of which rolls the mountain stream, with awful impetuosity, the danger not being so imminent as at Castle Qua. The ruins are situated on a bold, high promontory, facing the ancient house of Jerviswood, having the Mouse in front. On the unprotected side behind, the remains of a ditch and out-work are still visible, which seem to have stretched across the whole space between the two glens, and thus have formed an admirable external defence; but the building itself bearsevident marks of durability, being of uncommon thickness and height. One part only remains, looking towards the southwest, in which are two windows, and three loop-holes, about fifteen inches by seven inches, for the purpose of discharging arrows. The fallen ruins have hid the interior of the building, but by a little exertion, and removing of a few stones, the tops of hidden vaults may be discovered, most securely built; having been capable of sustaining the vast incumbent load, without yielding to the pressure. The situation is truly picturesque and beautiful; the precipitous banks of the three streams being richly clothed with the mountain ash, the fragrant birch, and the light-coloured hazel,

"While there in stately ruins lowers
The shade of old Craig-Lockhart's towers,
Which nightly to the moon's pale beam,
Reflect their bulk in Mouse's stream."

"The antiquity of the Castle is unknown; but it is probable that the ancient Lockharts of Lee erected it at a period very distant; as both it and the adjoining lands are the property of that family."

During the Covenanting times the Cameronians often fled to Cartland as a place of refuge. In the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," the following description is given of a meeting at Cartland on a Sunday:—"The church in which they were assembled was hewn, by God's hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rock or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The

eye could at once command a long stretching vista. seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene, with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscaleable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices were perpetually flying rooks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone inhabited this The fox and wild cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshipped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands."

Wanark.

It is universally admitted that Lanark is a place of great antiquity. The name is of Celtic origin, and according to Chalmers means a glade or open place in To casual visitors of the modern town, the name may appear inappropriate; but when any one surveys the surrounding country from the top of the dungeon-mound of the old castle, under the shelter of which the town was certainly formed, he must at once see the peculiar fitness of the term, as that standpoint overlooks what must have been, in ancient times, a most striking and beautiful example of a forest Lanark occupies the site of a Roman station. and abounds with interesting historical associations. Many of the early Scottish kings made it a place of residence, and so early as 978, in the reign of Kenneth II., the first Scottish Parliament was held here. Castle of Lanark was a Royal fortress as early as the time of David I., and was a favourite residence of our early Scottish kings, who could from thence enjoy the pastime of hunting in the extensive forest which then belonged to them in the vicinity, comprising not only the parish of Lanark, but those of Pettinain, Carluke.

and a large portion of the lands now included in that No vestiges now remain of the massive walls and towers which constituted the castle of Lan-All that marks its site is the mound on which stood its dungeon keep, but this from its size and character, is to any archæologist who has studied the history of fortresses of this class, complete proof that the castle which once crowned its brow, and spread its courtyards and barbicans town-ward, was one of great extent and importance. "That there was a royal castle at Lanark," says Davidson, "is proved by the well-known treaty between John Baliol and Philip of By this treaty Philip consented to the marriage of his niece, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Anjou, with Baliol's son and heir, who, in security of the lady's jointure, £1500 a year, mortgaged his French estates and some of the crown lands in Scotland,-among others the Castle and Castellany of Lanark and lands of Mauldslie. During the 13th century, too, the Castle was frequently in the hands of the English; and coins of Edward I. have been found there."

Lanark has the honour of being the place where Wallace commenced his achievements, by defeating and slaying the English Sheriff, William de Hesliope; or, as he is sometimes called, Hazelrigg. Wallace had been married to Marion Bradfute, and had a house near the town of Lanark. It happened in the spring of 1297, that he appeared in Lanark hand-

somely dressed in green, which was the fashion in Scotland to wear at that season. He was accompanied by nine men and Sir John de Graham with a following of fifteen. A boisterous Englishman jeeringly addressed him as to his gay appearance. Wallace unwilling to cause a disturbance, bore the taunts; but the English gathering fast around him, one of them atruck contemptuously his sword. In an instant he drew it, and struck the insulting Southron to the ground. A fight ensued, the English mustering in strength, that the Scots were glad to make their escape, not, however, before they had slain fifty of their ene-Wallace and his party made for his house, from which they escaped by the back to a retreat at Cartland Crags. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, Hazelrigg, took a base revenge. He burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death. He proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, dead or alive. On hearing of Hazelrigg's doings, Wallace with thirty resolute men silently entered the town at night, and attacking the governor's house, slew The tumult roused the English soldiery, and at the same time the townsfolk of Lanark, who ran to the assistance of Wallace, and a battle ensued. Scots proved victorious and twelve score of Southrons lay dead on the streets. With the adventure at Lanark Wallace first appears as the Champion of his Country in most of our early chronicles. After this he

had many skirmishes with the soldiers sent against him, and became so well-known and so formidable, that multitudes ranged themselves under his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence. Swift and sure his blows fell on the castles and strongholds held by the English.

After the lapse of very nearly six centuries the memory of Wallace is cherished with the warmest en-In 1821, a statue of the great patriot, thusiasm. executed by the late Robert Forrest, Carluke, was put up in a niche above the eastern door of Lanark Parish Every instrumental band that visits this ancient town (which has the honour of being the place where he began the struggle for Scotland's independence), shows its honour to the hero by repairing to the church, and playing in front of the statue "Scots wha hae." On the Lanimer day (the annual festival of the burgh) the statue is profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. At the conclusion of the procession of "the Birks," on the morning of that day, the national song, "Scots wha hae," was sung, followed by ringing cheers; but of late years, one or more of the instrumental bands, which had been engaged in the procession, gives a feeling rendering of the same beautiful tune.

There is every reason to believe that the royal burgh of Lanark existed in the reign of David I., although the first mention of it in the records occurs in that of his grandson, William the Lyon, who gave to the Abbey of Melrose a toft in his burgh of Lanark, toftum in burgo meo de Lanarc.

The remains of the ancient Church of Lanark are situated about a quarter of a mile to the south-east of the town, on the right hand side of the Stirling and Carlisle Road. Its architecture belongs to the style known as the early English or First-pointed, which was employed during the 13th century; it therefore was most probably erected by the canons of Dryburgh during that period. Its plan appears to have been one which, although unusual, is occasionally met with, consisting of two aisles, with a chancel attached to each, but without a nave. A remarkable doorway in the south wall is described by Bloxam in his Gothic Architecture, Ed. 1846, p. 153, as exhibiting "the round moulding with a fillet on the face, while the capitals (which are all that remain of two nook shafts) are richly sculptured." This Church, according to Blind Harry's account, appears to have been the only one there, in his days. In 1297, he alludes to Wallace passing

"On from the Kirk that was without the town."

This building was used as the parish church after the Reformation, but appears to have fallen into a ruinous state by the middle of the 17th century. Lately the building has been put into a more satisfactory condition. In the south aisle of the old church Irvine of

Bonshaw was buried who was stationed at Lanark in command of a body of irregular troops during the troubles which ensued after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and who earned an unenviable notoriety. Davidson says his bones are supposed to have been dug up when excavating a foundation. "Not many yards from the same spot," says Davidson, "sleep the ashes of an humble martyr, which appear never to have been disturbed. The inscription on his simple time-worn monument is shortly thus:—'Heir lyes Wiliam Hervi who swfered at the Cros of Lanerk, the 2 of March 1682 age 38—for his adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's Couenanted Work of Reformation.'" The nearness of these graves to one another was suggestive of the following in Blair's " Grave " :--

"Here friends and foes Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds."

In February, 1589-90, the Presbytery passed a resolution that the "kirk of Lanark should be removed from the auld place to a situation within the town." This, however, was not acted upon till 1777, when the present church adjoining the town-cross was built. The bell was, at the same time, removed to the present edifice. "It may, perhaps," says Davidson, "gratify the virtuoso, to present him with the inscrip-

tion, on its circumference, which, for his sake, has been transcribed.—

'1 Date, Anno 1110.
I did for twice three cent-ries hing,
And unto Lanark city ring,
Three times I Phenix like have past
Thro' fiery furnace till at last—

2---Anno 1659

Refounded at Edinburgh
By Ormston and Cunningham
Anno 1740.'

George Vere Irving in "The Upper Ward of Lanark, arkshire" says—"The arms of the town of Lanark, which, as it is the head burgh, are also those of the county, have been generally described as a double-headed eagle. The fact that a silver bell is attached to the right foot of the bird is, however, decisive that it is not an eagle, but a royal falcon, which would be a cognizance very naturally assumed when the castle of Lanark was the King's residence while engaged in the sports of hunting and hawking in the extensive royal forests which surrounded it during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

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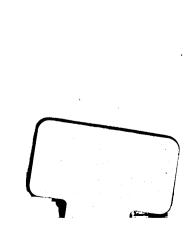
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